A Complete History of the War

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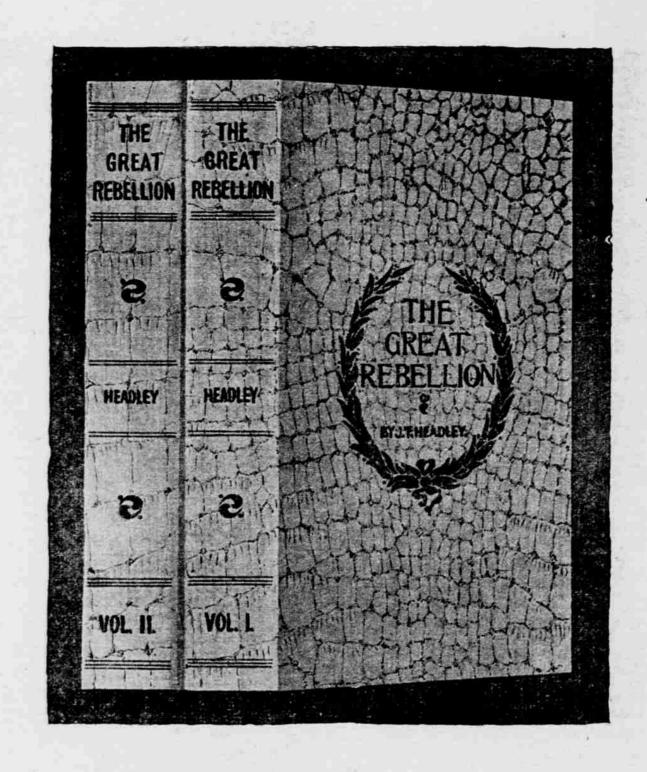
> written in popular style, at the same time having a

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EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE. DEAR SIR: I am 12 years old, and I saw your advertisement that complete history of the war, which you can offer to every you would send a watch to anyone who would send you a club of four, and I got four good subscribers. They tell me to write you to send them each two books, and not to send the same two to any one subscriber. And now I will look for the watch and will work for you. and woodland beyond. The line was in HENRY WAIBEL, Bethel, Mo.

GETTYSBURG.

First Day's Battle-Gloomy Prospects-Second Day's Battle-Great, Decisive Charge.

[From Headley's "Great Rebellion."] The morning of the 2d of July, 1863, lit up hitherto quiet inland town, the inhabitants of which, a few hours before, little the war, and of the age, would be fought left, he could more easily assail the higher there. No teams of the farmer were moving position of Cemetery Hill, he directed Longthat day. The swath in the harvest field lay where it had fallen the evening before. with pale and anxious men and women, and all was expectation-save that the fields, and the Summer birds sang merrily | ing the field. Not liking the movement of as ever among the green treetops. But these things were unheeded amid the mighty preparations on either side. The steady tramp, tramp, of the arriving columns, with streaming banners, and loud, defiant music-the heavy rumbling of artillery carriages, as they swept in long ening shouts, moved up the trained and and ominous rows on the field-the pealing of bugles, the galloping of horsemen hither and thither, and all the fearful preparations necessary when 200,000 men are about to close in fierce and mortal combat, absorbed all minor interests, and made that July morning appear to those inhabitants solemn as the closing day of

As soon as daylight had revealed the landscape distinctly. Meade was in the the fight raged fiercer than ever. But saddle, and rode all over his position, to take in its capabilities, and arrange the location of his troops. His eye rested on the rebel army, marshaling in the distance, and ever and anon turned anxiously along the roads over which his own brave troops were coming. They were pressing forward at the top of their speed. brigade on brigade and division on division, till, by 7 o'clock, the Second and Fifth Corps, and the balance of the Third had reached the field, and at once marched to their appointed places. Far back, many a weary mile, panting over the dusty for, later in the evening, a sudden, unroads, was the gallant Sixth, with the noble Sedgwick at its head, straining every nerve to reach the point of danger. It had started at 9 o'clock in the evening, and all night long swept forward as though on a it and Gettysburg, to which the urgent order of Meade was hurrying it. It ac-

Our line-of-battle, when completed, exhights which receded to the right and left from Cemetery Hill, that stood boldly out in front, overlooking Gettysburg, and field shape something like a horseshoe. The



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG-CEMETERY HILL (Specimen illustration from Headley's "Great Rebellion.")

Hancock's Second Corps; next to him, the stand, and let God help the right. Third Corps, under Sickles-forming the left, until the arrival in the midst of the battle, of the Fifth Corps, under Sykes. their arms, while crashing volleys, all was also the moment of their destruction Thus stood the Union army on Thursday along the line, foretold another day of They had not seen that the guns on t

In Lee's army, Ewell occupied the left, Hill the center, and Longstreet the right. He had not designed to give battle unless attacked, when he could choose his own position, but finding himself suddenly confronted by Meade, and doubtless encouraged by the previous day's success, he determined to try the issue in a bold assault on our strong position. His army was concentrated first, and had he moved earlier to the assault, before the arrival of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, he might, perhaps, have carried our position. But the

"stars fought against him." Thinking that if he could drive back ou street, towards evening, to advance against it while Hill threatened the center. Sickles, ignorant of the intention of the enemy, advanced his line a half a mile or more, when Meade rode up to post the Fifth Corps, which was rapidly approach-Sickles, he began to explain to him the reasons, when the thunderbolt fell. The onset of Longstreet was tremendous. First came the crash of artillery, swelling and rolling along the whole line; and then, with firm and confident bearing, and deafsteady battalions. Sickles, fighting bravely, was soon struck, and carried off the field; and the whole left wing was terribly shaken, and gradually fell back before the desperate charges of the enemy. Its fate was trembling in the balance, when the heads of Sykes' tired columns were seen approaching the field. At the welcome sight a thrilling cheer went up. They came not a moment too soon, and heedless or the murderous discharges of artillery that swept their ranks, the enemy still pressed the left so desperately that it was pushed steadily back, and Meade had to order up the wearied Corps of Sedgwick, and part of the First Corps, to save himself from defeat. Met with these fresh forces, the rebels were arrested, and though

That night the prospect was gloomy enough. We had been pushed back on race for life. Thirty-two miles lay between | both wings, though all our reserves had been brought into action. The dead were piled everywhere-the army was weary, complished the whole distance by 2 o'clock and had not been able to hold its own. What would the next day bring forth? was the anxious question of many a brave

refusing to abandon the struggle, could not

break our line-of-battle. Hour after hour

the contest raged with fearful slaughter on

both sides, till darkness closed over the

field. The battle, however, was not over:

expected assault was made on our extreme

which the enemy succeeded in holding.

right was strongly protected by Wolf's and | retreat, but to fight it out right there, at | the men to reserve their fire. On came the Culp's Hills, very steep and difficult of all hazards. No better position than that rebels, three lines deep, in perfect order, ascent, while Howard, with the Eleventh | could be found, and if it should be yielded, | till within point-blank range, when the Corps, held the center. At his right, a swift and disastrous retreat would be in- order to fire was heard. A sudden sheet across the road, on another hill, was the evitable. True, he had been fearfully of flame, a crash, and the first line dis-First Corps. Next to him, completing the weakened; so had the enemy-his army appeared like a wreath of mist. Undisright, was the Twelfth Corps, under Slo- was worn out with its long marches; so mayed, the second line swept on with a cum. On the left of Cemetery Hill was was the enemy's-and here he would cheer. Up to the rifle-pits, and over them,

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

struggle and of slaughter. On our right, the battle raged furiously from early dawn. Ewell was determined to advance from the rifle-pits he had taken the night before, and Slocum was equally resolute to recover them. Geary and Birney here met the first assaults firmly. For six hours the struggle was desperate on both sides. The rebels seemed to laugh at death, and again and again charged through the smoke of artillery, with shouts that swelled above the uproar. Wheaton's Brig de, of the Sixth, was hurried up to the rescue; and our line, which had been forced back for a moment, again advanced. More troops were pushed forward-artillery brought up on a gallop, and posted so as to enfilade the hostile ranks: and though braver men never stood upon a battlefield to die, than did Ewell's veterans here, our right had become a wall surges broke in vain. At 11 o'clock, the enemy gave it up, and his shattered, bleeding battalions fell back in despair. Silence now rested on the field, and Lee, baffled in his first design, pondered what next to attempt. He had tried both wings, and failed to break them, and on the right had lost all he had gained the night before; while a line of earthworks had sprung up, as if by magic, all along our front. The o'clock they opened simultaneously, and with such fury that the earth was scattered in showers over the graves, and the tombtion, and with a power that seemed able to start the very hills from their firm foundations. Our batteries responded, and for three hours more than three hundred cannon exploded on each other, with reverberations that shook the field, and wrapped it in white, rolling clouds, which tossed, and drifted, and settled between the contending lines, till they were hid from view, and the heavens were darkened as in an eclipse.

charge. In splendid order, and "with banners high advanced," and a courage that seemed to foretell success, the columns right, and several rifle-pits were carried. came steadily on. The chief attack was on the point occupied by the Second Corps. Moving forward with grand, imposing front | While one army was being surrendered and confident bearing, they entered the desolating fire, without flinching. It was a magnificent charge. A tempest of shot and shell, howling above their heads from the artillery in rear, swept the hights; and Hancock was soon borne wounded from the fight. Gibson succeeded to the comtended for nearly five miles along a row of heart. Meade, however, resolved not to mand, and, walking along the lines, told

About 4 o'clock Lee ordered a grand

and up to the guns, bayoneting the gund ners beside their pieces, they pressed, waving their flags and shouting the vic-Early next morning, the troops stood to tory. But the moment of their triumph western slope of Cematery Hill enfiladed this spot. These now opened with grapand canister, on the uncovered ranks. The effect was awful. Nothing stand such a murderous fire, and the line swaved back in terror, and then crumbled into fragments. In an instant our menwere upon them, driving them like a herd of sheep. Whole regiments laid down their arms and surrendered. They seemed appalled, overwhelmed, by the frightful butchery, from which even flight could not save them. Other charges had been made along the line, and gallantly repulsed; and our cavalry, though not performing any grand movement, came in for its share of the glory. Kilpatrick, having beatend Stuart at Hanover, and repulsed the rebell cavalry at Hunterstown, pressed forward to Gettysburg-which he reached Friday fore? noon-and made a sudden dash on Lee's of adamant, against which the heaviest | right. The enemy, finding his skirmishers driven in, took a strong position between two stone walls, surmounted by a rail fence. Kilpatrick was anxious to carry this position, for if he could, he would be able to reach Lee's ammunition-train. Gen. Farnsworth, with two regiments and a portion of a third, charged it with desperate fury. Leaping his horse over the first fence, sword in hand, he was followed by his gallant band. The space between the fences was covered by a fire from both flanks and the front, yet they dashed through it with a shout, and reached the second fence, where Farnsworth fell, pierced with five balls. Still on, over the second fence, the maddened riders went, "in a whirlpool of shot and shell," and pressed on through a horrible fire. They could not return, and so dashed on-what was left of them-for two miles, to the rebel rear, when they dispersed, and got

> back as they could. But, the grand effort of the day having failed, the enemy slowly retired. No pursuit was attempted. Meade had no reserves with which to follow up his advantage, and scarcely any ammunition. Lee had attacked and failed; and now.

> with one-third of his forces killed, wounded or taken prisoners, his campaign was over and nothing remained for him but to get back to Virginia with his shattered army. On this very afternoon, what a different scene was taking place on the banks of the Mississippi! At the same hour in which the hights around Gettysburg were rocking to the thunder of cannon, and their slopes were reddening with the blood of brave men, Grant and Pemberton were quietly seated under a spreading oak, settling the terms of the capitulation of Vicksburg. into our hands, another was retiringy beaten and humbled, from before our brave

> The above is a brief extract from the complete history of "The Great Rebellion," by J. T. Headley, two volumes, which we give away, postpaid. to subscribers and club-raisers.]



SIEGE OF VICKSBURG. Fight in the crater made by the explosion of a mine under a portion of the Rebel works. Specimen illustration from Headley's "Great Reb Hion." THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

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